



FINLEY'S LUCKY FIND

by Archie Marina

When I was coming up during those pioneering days on the edge of the northern Michigan frontier, harness racing was in its infancy compared to what we got now.

Most folks adhered to the general principles of racing etiquette, but kind of conducted the details in a fashion that best suited their own interests. With that in mind, let me get on with what I got to say.

After all these years, if I look up just right or catch the scent of pine pitch in the breeze, I find myself back there, at Outerwind. It wasn't much then, and it's even less now, but to me it was just about the best place a boy could ever grow up in to my way of thinking. Outerwind was all of about thirty structures crammed together down by a mill pond on the White Pine Creek. I ain't been back there in years, but if I did go back, it would be home for sure, changed or not.

The year I recall the most at home was when I was coming twelve. That's the year President James Garfield was shot. He lived for two and a half months before he died, just after our race meet at Outerwind in mid-September of 1881. My whole world turned upside down and back right side up again after that spring and summer, nothing was ever quite the same for me again.

I better take back a little here, 'cause I'm gettin' ahead of myself.

My father, John Marker operated a livery stable and run the sawmill in Deterwind for my Grandpa Beyers, my mother's father. Da had originally grown up in Ohio an orphan. His parents was from Virginia and had homesteaded as new-lyweds in Hogan County when it was mostly just swamp. Not long after my pa was born both of his parents, one after the other, died of a fever, and he was brought up by a couple who didn't have no children of their own. They had some babies before, but they all died young. Their name was Strohmire, and pa always said they was as good to him as if he had been their own boy.

They all three worked hard, but there was food and shelter from the cold, and a lot of caring for each other. There wasn't no regular school back then, so the Misses taught pa how to read and do his numbers. Old Tom Strohmire was a fair farmer, but a right fine hand with a team of horses, and pa learnt a lot from him. They hauled trees in the woods and helped other settlers pull stumps from their land.

That's how Old Tom died, helping clear some land for a neighbor. Somehow a tree twisted wrong when they felled it, and it come down on Tom. He was all broke up inside and

died a couple of days later. Pa said the Misses was pert near done in by that, but she was able to keep things going for a while longer.

Eventually Pa and her couldn't make the farm work, so when the War Between the States got going, he insisted on joining up. Mrs. Strohmire went to live with her sister after she sold her place. She give my pa ten silver dollars and Old Tom's squirrel gun, which we still got to this day. She kept them things for pa when he was in the war. While he was stationed in Tennessee he got word she died. The Misses' sister kept pa's things for him till he come back for them years later.

My pa was sixteen when he enlisted in the Ohio Militia. They made him a teamster on account of his ability with horses. He claimed he never saw no real fightin', but got ambushed a few times, and sniped at now and then when they was moving supplies and equipment about. When the tide of the war turned and you could tell the North was going to win, pa was sent to a remount station. He helped take care of the army's horses. They had spent all of that time gathering and storing up food, equipment and horses for the war that when it was over they had so much, they didn't hardly know what to

do with it all.

By then, pa was nineteen, with his whole life ahead of him and no place to go. With the Misses and the farm gone, and him about to be discharged, he was alone again. The only good thing about being a soldier was he had never wanted for a place to sleep or food to eat. Being a quiet farm boy and brought up right, pa was never a drinker or a smoker of any great amount, so he had saved up some of his pay. All the while he was looking after those remounts he kept an eye on a young filly who showed some real trotting sense. He said she was quieter acting and a little finer lookin', at least to him, than most of the others. The other fellas who worked with him didn't show much interest in the corralled horses, they were more interested in spending their time and money in town.

When the army discharged him, you know they had all those thousands and thousands of soldiers to discharge, it was a madhouse and they was lettin' soldiers buy horses and equipment and sending them home day after day. Bein' right there at the corral my dad, with the help of his sergeant, was able to single out that black filly he liked so well, even though the government was selling some herds to big buyers, all or nothin'? With what

he had saved and his musterin' out pay, pa was able to buy that filly and headed back to Ohio with other soldiers to get on with their lives. He collected his inheritance from Mrs. Strohmire's sister and joined up with a bunch of his fellow former soldiers and struck out for Michigan to work in the vast forests of the northern Wolverine state.

For a young man on his own it was a great adventure, and he hoped to make the best of it. He went to work for a lumbering company as a hostler, looking after the horses used to haul logs. He eventually drove teams in the woods and ended up managing the company stable. During that period of about three years he had a grand old time.

His black filly was now a stout mare of about five years of age. She had become my dad's pastime; as a young man he was most fortunate to own his own horse, and to have one of her trotting ability was most extraordinary. In the lumbering camps the men were most starved for recreational diversions. They played cards, checkers, drank and devised their own sporting events.

It was only natural that wagering on horse races of one way or going or another would be promoted. Races were staged between horses from one camp against the best of another formed the general pattern, but every now and then some traveler or roaming peddler would bring a horse into the area,

and a match would be arranged.

When it come to trotting, under saddle or pull-
ing a rig, pa's mare was about the best in the
northeast lumberin' territory. Pa, being a lithe,
sinewy young man back then, did the riding or
driving. He trusted no man with his pride and
joy, or his money. Fortunately for pa and those
who wagered on him, he had the nack for bring-
ing the mare home with the bacon. He had
enough success that when the lumber company
moved on from the area known as Outerwind
on the White Pine Creek in eastern upper
Michigan, he stayed on to look after some
livery animals and to court a comely young
lady, Mira Beyers, the daughter of a land
developer and sawmill operator.

Within a few months my folks was married
and my father had taken over the livery stable.
Pa said the man that had owned it, sold the
operation to him cheap, because he couldn't see
no future for a town off in the middle of
not much of anywhere. With the loggers moving
on, most of the other businesses that had cropped
up to accommodate the hoard of men with money
and not much of any place to spend it, Outer-
wind pretty much disappeared.

Pa wanted a home, and knowing all those
Civil War veterans would be looking for a place

to homestead, he figured Outerwind was as good as any to settle down in, and when he met my ma, he was sure of it.

Even though Outerwind was just a fledgling community, it had some natural advantages.

Being on the White Pine Creek it had been the ideal place for one of the satellite sawmill camps to be set up by the lumbering company. A mill pond had been created by damming up the creek and a sawing operation set up. Grandpa Beyers had run the mill, having been with the company for many years. When he had started out as a young man, all of northern Michigan was listed as "swamp land", so when it was logged off the company was glad to sell the stump covered landscape cheap. Not being far from the Saginaw Bay where the river that the creek ran into emptied, Grandpa Beyers figured it was a great opportunity to accumulate some acreage around a settlement that he figured would grow into a real town someday. He was able to buy out the sawmill and some two hundred acres on the edge of town. He sawed lumber and cleared stumps from much of his land. My Grandmother Margaret Beyers had grown tired of moving with the lumbering operation, and wanted my mother to have a permanent home. They just

wanted to settle down.

My ma got her schooling from the teacher who traveled with the families working for the lumbering company. A school for the children of the more essential employees was one way to hold on to those workers. Even back then amenities for a man's family kept them on the job.

The livery stable my pa worked for and eventually bought furnished the extra teams of horses that the Beyer's mill needed to haul the logs over to the railroad station at Preston, some nine miles away. Preston had also been a lumbering camp, but without a water route, its chief natural advantage had been an easy place to build a railroad, and the Huron Northern Railroad Company did, a surefire way to get a town going that could survive.

Preston was always a little smug about having a railroad station, and looked on Outerwick and the other surrounding communities as poor relations. Their farms was better soil too, in comparison, so all in all, they was pretty pleased with themselves, atleast the way I always looked at it. They had a lake right near town, so their fishin' was about as good as ours, we had four or five, what you call

"pot hole" lakes in our vicinity. The only thing we had better then them, year after year was my pa's trotting mare. He called her Mary Alice after his departed mother. Like I said before, she could trot faster than anything for miles around. Pa was an acknowledged horseman, and with him marrying my ma, Grandpa Beyers got into the heat of being near the racing scene and had helped my pa build a half-mile track out back of our house.

Pa had to drive the mare about a hundred yards to the track. Grandpa's house was not far from his mill, but down a ways so they didn't get all the noise. When you came out of the first turn you looked right at his front porch. Only a sandy road leading to one of the lakes separated his front yard from the track. Many a time he watched pa work the mare and other trotters he bought or trained over the years.

Being kind of a sandy, gravelly loam soil Pa didn't have much trouble putting the track in and a number of the men around town also interested in trotting and wanting to hold up the obvious pride of having the best trotter about representing Outerwind, helped maintain the track and picked ever emerging rocks.

Mary Alice was about fifteen hands and foaled, as near as pa could tell in 1864, in Kentucky or near Clarksville, Tennessee where he first saw her. She never had no pedigree, but you could tell she was a breed mare, cause she always cut such a handsome figure when she was at her best way of going. She was a real lady too, and her black coat was set off just right by a small star in her forehead and a white heel on her left front leg.

She didn't carry much weight for a trotter back then and it took something pretty out of the ordinary to get her to make a run. When she was rigged to trot, that's all she knew how to do. Apparently about the time I was born, pa had bought a racing sulky (a high wheeler) down in Saginaw and had it shipped up to Preston on the railroad when he came back from doing some business. The only other man in these parts back then to own such a contraption was Silas Preston, a banker and owner of all kind of things in the town named after his father. Mr. Preston had owned numerous trotters that had been taken to task by Mary Alice in the preceding years and he was always trying to find a horse he could bring in to put her and pa

in their place. The citizens of Preston were loyal to their man and his efforts to make their town the home of a winner.

Despite all of that, Mary Alice claimed the bragging rights for Outerwind year after year. As a youngster, I remember the excitement of the races held in late June and early September each year at Preston and Outerwind. Preston's race meet was the first of the summer, and pa would drive Mary Alice or whoever he was racing over the road to Preston. During July and August he would take her down state for a race now and then, and the racing season for us would end up at our own track in Outerwind before everyone had to get ready for the fall and the long, hard winter to come.

Even though Silas Preston tried twice a year and with many different horses, he had never managed to win a race against pa's mare.

Oh, he found one or two who could win a heat here or there, but somehow pa always rescued victory from the jaws of defeat. She had won races for county horses, match races and free-for-all's open to everyone. Her best time was 2:39 1/4 for a mile heat she won at East Bay in 1876 when she was twelve.

That don't sound like much of a mile

today, but back then the world record on one of them eastern Grand Circuit mile tracks was 2:11 1/4 by St. Julian. Mary Alice never set foot on a track like that. Most all of her races were on sandy half-mile tracks carved out of the pine forests of backwoods Michigan. It weren't no easy task to construct a track and maintain it with crude homemade equipment pulled by a team of work horses. And the stones you'd encounter, why they was more then plentiful.

A number of her early races was over the old lumbering trails that had become roads connecting one little burg with another. Many a time she raced on the roads to sleighs in the winter as well as various ways of going in the summer, and a couple of times she raced the nine miles from Outerwind to Preston. Them long races was to piano-box buggies, an took right at half an hour to finish. Once she beat a good old pacer Mr. Preston bought in Toledo, Ohio and shipped up north just for the occasion. He was over the hill before he come up here, but I heard his record was 2:32 to a high wheeler on one of them smooth as glass southern tracks. Any way, towing an old four wheeled buggy over that rutty road wasn't much to his liking,

He was pulled up long before the nine miles was completed.

Old Silas had a good horse of his own that year of 1876 named Buster. Pa said he was a ringer from down state who had raced a lot of years on the fair circuits of southern Michigan and Ohio. He got two heats from her before she came back to win the race in three straight heats.

After that pa was a lot more careful about the conditions he entered her in to race. The only races he put her in at Preston and Outerwick in the following three or four years was for county horses owned atleast for six months or a year prior to the time of entry; that made it harder for Mr. Preston to make a deal for a ringer (a good horse racing under an alias).

He couldn't afford to pay a big price for one to race only a time or two a year, and if he owned the horse in name only the real owner wasn't about to leave a money making horse up in the sticks for half a year or more to race for little or no money just to bolster Old man Preston's ego. Through good management my dad had kept Mary Alice a money making proposition right up to 1880. That's when a gelding Mr. Preston owned for two or three years and had always come up short finally come into his own.

That fall the hand writing on the wall

come to be reality. The old mare, now sixteen, had barely won the first heat and had been unable to answer the call in the stretch of the next three following. It was the first race for county horses she had ever lost. Pa said she was lucky to hang on to second that final heat. She was all out to hold off another old gelding who had never got within shouting distance of her before. From what I heard pa say, she was about done as a free for all or big purse performer. She had won way to much and was too well known to ever get a match with a green horse or into a slower class. Over the winter Pa told Pete, he didn't rightly know what he would do with her.

Pete.... I didn't mention him before did I? Well, he was my dad's right hand man. His real name was Petosega, that's Indian for "Rising Sun"; but everyone just called him Pete. He was an Ojibway from southwest of where we lived. He wasn't a reservation man, so he chose to make it out in the world on his own. He had lost his wife and children to an epidemic of some disease going round years ago. He left his way of life and wandered into Outerwind where he got on with my pa in the livery stable business. He was a great hand with a horse: riding, driving, breaking and doctoring. He could do it all when it come

to a horse, Mr. Songfellow's Hiawatha had nothin' on him.

When the spring of 1881 really got going, Pa decided to try old Mary Alice one more time. The day that stands out in my mind as the most shocking of my young life was May 7th, 1881. Up 'til then my world had been one of relative calm. Pa had been driving the mare on the track for about a month.

A few days before he had sent Pete off in a wagon to find a horse for Josiah Finley, the undertaker to match up with his black gelding he used to pull the hearse.

Over the winter his other black gelding had died and Pa had rented him one of his livery horses to help him out. Pete had been gone for three days when he came back after dark the night before the 7th. I was already in bed, but I heard pa talking to him down in our parlor when he got in - I couldn't actually hear what they said from my bed, but I knew who it was pa was with in conversation.

When I awoke in the morning and went over to the barn, Pete and my pa were getting ready to train the old mare. I was real anxious to see what Mr. Finley's new horse looked like, but Pa said she was out to Dane Hurley's place a mile or so from town

because her stall wasn't ready yet. He told me Pete would bring her in later in the day. Then he insisted that I get off to school. He didn't want me to be late, since it was a day my ma was taking her turn teaching the kids. We didn't have a full-time teacher, so some of the men and women of the community took turns teaching. Da didn't want me to make ma look bad by being late, so I wasn't.

The school house was near the top of the home stretch of Da's track and if I could figure out when he was training her a fast mile I could watch Mary Alice come off the turn on her way into the home straight through the window. I managed to see him go by to the half-mile mark, but a long time went by and he never came around again to finish the mile.

Eventually one of the boys who could see out a window, that gave him a view of the back stretch, spoke up and told my ma something was wrong out on the track near the quarter pole. I jumped up without permission and ran to that window. My ma spoke to me, but I wasn't listening. There out on the track were Da and Pete standing over a downed horse and a spilt sulky laying on its left side.

Ma looked worried, but she made me sit

down until recess, the longest twenty minute wait of my young life. Since then, waiting for my youngens to be born is about the only thing that compares to that situation as I remember it.

When we were let go Ma told me to see what happened, but not get in the way. I ran out of that school and across that track like a scalded pig. About half-way across the infield I could see they were getting ready to drag a horse off the track on a stoneboat. The horse wasn't moving, and I was in a panic as I ran. I had such a feeling in the pit of my stomach, I almost went down fainting.

It wasn't my Pa that was hurt, it was only the mare, and she was dead for sure. Pete saw me coming and said something to Pa, and he come trotting to meet me. He grabbed me in a bear hug, stopping me from going to where Pete was getting ready to take the mare away. Between my tears and howling, Pa was saying how sorry he was that I had seen this, he hadn't intended for me to know about it until the horse was buried.

He walked me home, and the tears run down his cheeks. I stopped sobbing 'cause I felt so bad for him, after all she was his mare.

That was the end of school for the day. All of the other kids was so worked up and Ma

couldn't wait to get home to Pa and me, knowing how down we would be. Pa kept carrying on about how he hadn't intended me to see that scene.

Pete hauled the mare out to the woods for burial, and didn't get back until late in the afternoon. He looked tired, but didn't hesitate when Pa sent him out to Hinley's to bring Mr. Hinley's new mare in to town. Pa asked if I wanted to go with him to the livery stable to see Hinley's mare, but I had no interest or heart for it. He went alone.

Over the next couple of weeks I rarely went to the stable and then only because Pa was training a gelding of not much account for Morris Grey, owner of the general store and the Post Master of Outerwick. The gelding was nine or ten and as pedestrian as they get. He trotted, but had no speed what-so-ever. Pa trained him only because he had nothing else going. In defense of the old gelding, he wasn't bred to be a trotter, and would only have to race other buggy horses from the county who had never beat 3:00. Pete said that was good, because he couldn't, meaning beat 3:00 for a mile.

Mr. Hinley only needed to use his black team once in the next few weeks. Pete drove them for him and came back praising the black

more. He said she had some trot and might make a racer if somebody like Pa took her in hand, but nothing come of it. Everytime I saw that team the all black mare just shined.

When the June meeting took place over in Preston, Mr. Gray's gelding was in the first of three races on the program. Of the three in the race he came in second all three heats, but well behind the winner, whose best time was 3:18. Silas Preston's horses won all three races, and I took a horrible ribbing from the Preston boys for getting beat two races in a row by their town's horses. I was boiling mad, and told them they'd get theirs.

I could hardly speak I was so worked up. Pete told me to relax, you can't win all the time. He went on to say all the other owners and drivers don't come intensiong to get beat. I was still mad as a hornet and implored my Pa to not get beat again. He told me, "We're working on it." That shut me up, but out of curiositiy, not from satisfaction.

After we got back from Preston, Mr. Finley and Pa got together and decided to train the new black mare as a trotter. Mr. Finley had never owned a trotter before, so I figured he wanted or needed to do it to cheer up, knowing what kind of business he

operated. They decided to call her *Lucky Bird*.

I didn't get to see the mare training very much over the next two months. She always seemed to be training when I had chores or something else to do for Pa. Mr. Finley went over to Preston to make sure Silas Preston was going to have his buggy horse back in the race for county horses that hadn't beat 3:00. Mr. Finley returned with the good news that Mr. Preston intended to be there. Morris Grey kept his horse going on advice from Pa, who offered to instruct Mr. Grey's nephew in the finer points of reinmanship, so he could drive the gelding in the Outerwind race in September.

The two trotting hopefuls trained together, with the black mare obviously showing the best of the duo. As I said, I didn't get to see much of the doings, because Pa always seemed to have something for me to be doing for him.

When the day of the Outerwind races came, the whole town was abuzz. With two trotters in to race from our town, we were all hopeful. Preston entered his gelding and another horse from an outlying township owned by the Barkers was making his debut. That bunch of boys who had rubbed the loss into me over at their town came with the majority of the good citizens of Preston. Oh how I wanted to turn the tables

on them.

The two races on the program were scheduled to come off on Friday. Our race was for county horses, owned for three months prior to entry, that had never beat 3:00. The purse was \$50, with \$25 going to the winner of three heats, one mile each. The second in summary got \$15 and \$10 went to third.

It rained hard the night before, but the sandy soil of the track drained well. Rain threatened in the forenoon on race day, but held off so that the 3:00 trot for county horses could start on time - 2 p.m.

As I said before, there were four starters in the race. Preston's horse drew the pole, Grey's gelding next, then Kinley's mare and the township horse the outside. They got off on the first attempt because none of the three outside horses could leave with Mr. Preston's gelding. By the quarter pole Pa was a close second, Grey's gelding third and the township horse well back. Silas Preston's horse was still leading when a cloud burst erupted the second time around. The Preston horse maintained the lead to the top of the stretch when Pa went to work on the black mare. She overjoyed me by trotting past the gelding in the gap just prior to the wire in the down four.

Unexpectedly Pa didn't go far into the turn of

the track, instead he went into the infield and jumped off the sulky, quickly going to the mare's head. Pete told me to stay, while he ran out to Pa. As soon as he got to the mare Pa had him wrap her left front pastern with his red bandanna. She was soaked from the rain and caked with mud. The other entrants headed for the shelter of the livery stable and their stalls.

Pete led the mare back toward the judges stand instead of Pa driving her. Despite the continuing down pour, Pa splashed his way up to where the judges were attempting to avoid the rain. He apologized for not driving his mare to the Tribune, explaining that she had cut her heel and needed bandaging. He went on she needed to get back to the barn as soon as possible, adding that she was not lame and would return for the next heat.

The Presiding Judge informed him that he was excused and that there would not likely be anymore racing that day no how. Pa was real pleased when he got back to the barn.

I wanted to look at the mare's heel, but Pa hustled me out of the stall. I didn't understand why, but I did as I was told. When Silas Preston found out that there wouldn't be anymore racing that day, he was real furious.

He figured the mare was sore and would not be able to continue or that even if she did, his horse could beat her. The rain kept up for long enough that everyone, including Preston finally understood why the races were called.

The Presiding Judge decided to set Saturday at 2 p.m. for the resumption of the races. The little boarding house and just about everyone in town put the people up for the night who intended to stay over for the completion of the races. We had a number of people staying in the hayloft of our barn.

Mr. Barker and his son, Dave, who were racing the gelding in our race, stayed with us. The judges didn't use the distance flag in that rain soaked first heat or their horse would have been ruled out he finished so far back. They knew it, but were just having fun racing their horse. Ma fed them all they could eat.

When Pa and Pete started working on the mare, I heard my dad say some words I had only heard him use once or twice before. Apparently he knocked the bottle of antiseptic he wanted to put on the mare over, spilling what was left in the bottle. He quickly closed the stall door and sent Pete out for more antiseptic. I thought that was strange, because we had plenty of such supplies in our harness room.

I understood even less when I learned that Pete had gone to Mr. Finley's for a replacement bottle.

A lot of people came up to Pa while we were waiting for Pete to get back. They all wanted to inquire about the mare and to wish Pa well when the race resumed the next day. About half an hour went by before Pete got back. He didn't have good news and told Pa that Mr. Finley had given his last bottle to old Ray Sheppard, who lived about three miles from town.

All Pa did was look at Pete and he was off again. Pa sent me off to supper but wouldn't leave the mare alone, so Ma sent me back with something for him to eat. He sent his thanks back to Ma through me and asked her to have some supper for Pete when he got back from his undertaking. He eventually returned at about dark with at least a partial bottle of what he had gone for at Mr. Sheppard's farm.

Pa went right to work on the mare, while I took Pete to our house for supper. When we got back, Pa was in a good mood again. Pete put a cot in front of the stall to let everyone know he intended to stay there all night.

The next morning everything was in order and

the track rapidly dried out. Pa had a couple of men from town float the track and a little before one o'clock he sent the mare out to warmup. The other three entries came out at about the same time. For me, it was just like taking a test in school, I didn't know what to expect next.

The other race on the program was for White Pine Creek horses, owned one year prior to entry, that had never won public money. They raced first and battled for a \$40 purse. Pa drove the eventual winner of that race for Dr. Curley of Preston.

When our race time came around Pa got some last minute intelligence from a supporter, apparently Silas Preston ordered his driver, Jerry Beemer to keep scoring ahead of Lucky Bird to try to wear her down. Pa smiled, and thanked his friend.

When it came time for the starter to call for the horses, Pa went right into position at the rail. Try as he might, Beemer couldn't head the mare leaving, and when Pa scored to the start he nodded for the word.

Preston's gelding had to take back and raced second the entire mile, trailing the mare home by open lengths. Preston was fit to be tied, he apparently lost a large amount betting.

Pa was sure Preston had gone down state to purchase his horse, who had raced many times inside 3:00, but had purposely never been allowed to win a race. Mr. Preston knew what his horse was capable of and could not believe Finley's mare, fresh off the hearse, had beat his ringer. Because of his own complicity, he couldn't say much of nothin' about how things transpired.

The third heat was much the same with poor old Beemer wearing himself out trying to rally his charge. The mare was a straight heat winner. Both Pa and Pete sported knowing grins and Mr. Finley was delighted with all of the attention he was receiving as the owner of the winner.

As for me, I was delirious with having such sweet revenge on those fellas from Preston. They all tried to stay clear of me so that I couldn't heckle them about their reversal of form, but I tracked 'em down anyway.

We all glowed in the light of victory for a couple of days. My own elation only come to an end when I stumbled across the antiseptic bottle that Pa had used on the mare's injured heel. I couldn't understand, the bottle was labeled, Marvell's Natural Hair Dye, Black.

It took a day or two to get up enough nerve to ask Pa what it was all about. He got all blurry eyed when he layed out the entire affair, an asked me, did I think I could ever forgive him? He was my Pa, how could I not forgive him when I knew the entire story. I asked Pete for more details a while later. His only reply was, "Do you have any idea of how hard it is to buy a dead horse?" A short time later he was decked out in a new hat and pair of dress boots, his spoils from betting on Finley's mare.

Mr. Finley and Pa had done all right themselves wagering on Lucky Lind. Pa's advice to Mr. Finley was that the mare not race again. The word Mr. Finley put out was that her injured heel had caused her left front tendon to go bad.

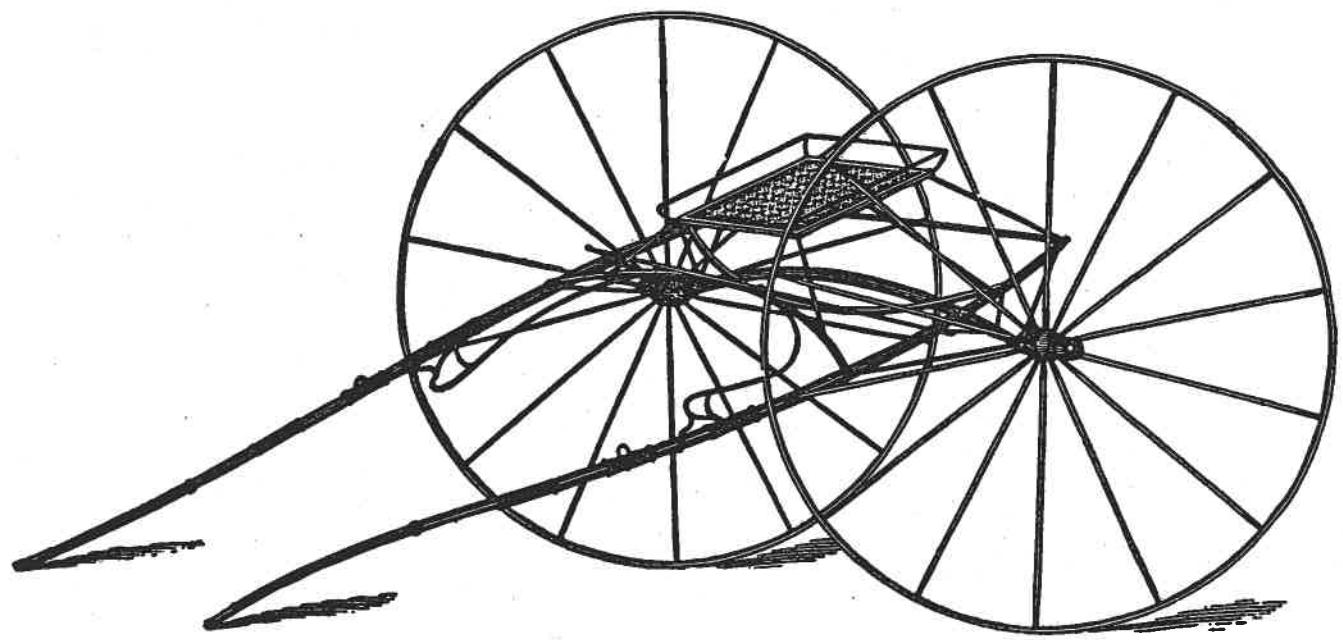
I guess that's about as much as I dare say on that subject, on account of the statute of limitations may not have run out yet. Sometimes you have to protect the guilty as well as the innocent.

After all that new insight I begin checking up on the black mare regular like. Even though that cut left front heel never seemed to bother her again, Pa and

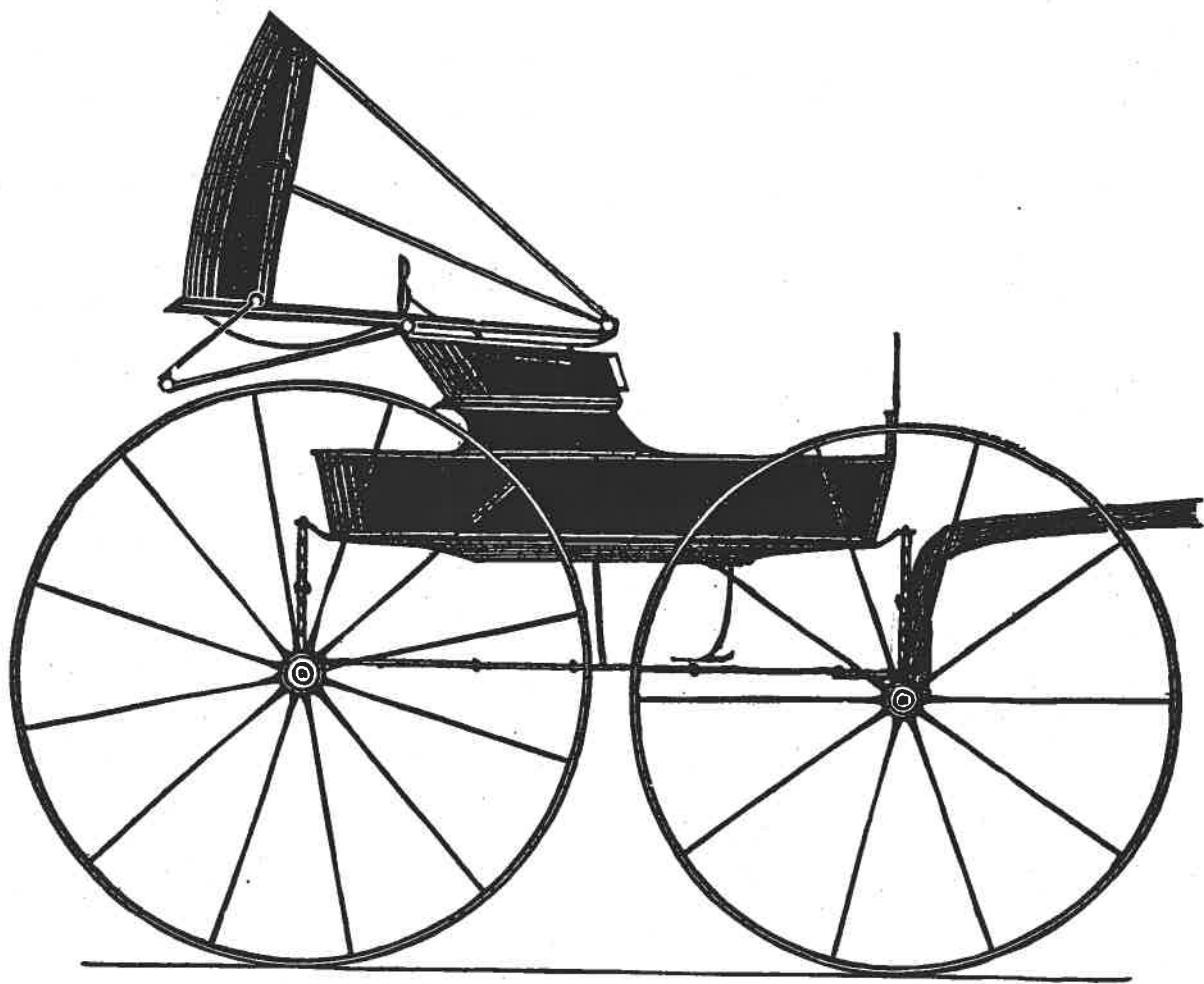
Pete treated it regular as rain right up to the day she died years later. She'd done a lot of funerals by that time.

For the next few years we kept battling Silas Preston, with him gotten us about as good as we got him. Eventually the time come when I started doin' the driving, and when I showed I was up to the task, even Mr. Preston started using me. Before Pa an old Silas give it up, I was doing all the training and driving for both of them out on what has become the Michigan fair circuit, but that's a story for another day.

Patience is the hardest thing to learn about training and racing horses. Never despair, your day in the winner's circle will come, although most times much later then we'd like. All those trying times in between are just extra character builders, and sure enough, don't we all need more of that.



SULKY.



PIANO-BOX BUGGY. Introduced around the mid-1850s

